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## REMINISCENCES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS.

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### I.

SENATOR YATES was a man of shining qualities, and a universal favorite. He was the war governor of Illinois, and performed unexampled labors in marshaling her soldiers for the great civil strife. A regiment of Illinois young men, a thousand strong, had been brought into camp near Chicago. The men were not gathered from the schools and farms of the State, but from the rougher classes of the cities and larger towns. They were good material for soldiers, as the sequel showed, ready for any service for their country, but unaccustomed to restraint, and wild almost to lawlessness. They did not like their colonel, and, determined to get rid of him, they resorted to absolute mutiny. One day, as the governor was telling a number of gentlemen met in the executive department of this turbulent and troublesome regiment, Elihu Washburne remarked that he thought he knew a man who was admirably fitted for its colonelcy. He was a Captain Grant, living in his own town of Galena, a graduate of West Point, who had seen service in the Mexican war; a still man, but of great determination and courage; a man who would soon bring such a regiment into military order, and win their confidence and admiration.

Grant, from the first moment of the war, had been ready for any place where he might render aid to the government that had given him his military education. It had been suggested that, from his connection with the artillery service in the Mexican war, he might be useful in the Ordnance Bureau in Washington, and at this date he was about starting for the capital to offer himself for such routine work.

“For heaven’s sake,” was Governor Yates’s instant reply, “tele-

graph for him at once, and offer him, in my name, the command of this regiment; for it is taking all my time, and worrying the life out of me."

The next morning, among the earliest callers at the governor's office was the plainly-dressed, snug-built, sinewy, square-headed, sedate Captain Grant. The governor expressed his delight at his prompt response. He told the captain what Washburne had said of his training and good qualities, and described the insubordinate regiment. He said they had set the colonel at absolute defiance, and were now "corralled" out on the prairie, under the guard of two other regiments and the trained guns of a battery of artillery. "Here they are to-day, a thousand Hellions" (as the governor always called them); "are you willing, Captain Grant, to take the colonelcy of such a regiment?"

"If such is your desire," was the quiet response.

"Do you think you could make soldiers out of such mutinous Hellions?"

"From what you have told me of them, with a little patience and firmness, I think they might in time be made a good regiment. As to this mutinous spirit, I think the articles of war will be found sufficient for its restraint."

The commission was signed, a carriage was ordered, and the two men started for the camp of the mutineers. They rode through the two regiments on guard, by the trained guns of the artillery, and found the men sullen with mortification and anger. They were gathered for an address by the governor. He told them of all his anxiety on their account, of his more than willingness to listen to all the requests of his gallant volunteers, so far as he might with a supreme regard for military discipline; that a regiment, just starting for the front, was anxious for the services of their colonel; that he had decided to change his command to that regiment; and that Captain Grant, of Galena, the gentleman whom he now presented to them, hereafter would be their colonel—a man who knew war, both from the books and from service in the field, for Captain Grant was a graduate of West Point, and went through the Mexican war, with marked honor, in command of a battery of artillery; that he was a man of courage, as resolute as the best of them, and would assuredly lead them where the hardest fighting was to be done, and in all things would share with them the soldier's fortune. "Of Colonel Grant," he concluded,

“and this regiment, I expect, henceforth, to hear nothing but glorious tidings of obedient and brave warfare.”

There was a moment of painful silence. The men clasped each other's hands, and looked into each other's faces ; then, from a thousand throats, came shout after shout for Governor Yates, for Colonel Grant, for the old Stars and Stripes ! Colonel Grant took command. The regiments and the battery on guard returned to their own camp. For the next ten days the boys thought there was more time given to drill than any present prospect of active service demanded, but all orders were cheerfully obeyed. At the end of ten days the regiment was ordered to St. Louis. Transportation seemed to be a little crowded, as so many regiments were moving in that direction ; and Colonel Grant made no second request, thinking, perhaps, that it might be useful to make the march on foot. So his regiment marched over the hot prairie roads from Chicago to St. Louis ! Soon afterward Colonel Grant, with his regiment, was ordered to garrison the important post of Cairo. Here the self-possessed and resolute soldier found himself directly in that line of promotion which led him to the head of the army. Referring to this incident, Governor Yates was wont to say : “How wonderful indeed are the ways of providence ; how, out of seeming disaster, in Heaven's beneficent ordering, often spring most cheerful results ! If it had not been for that regiment of Hellions, my most troublesome experience in all the war, in all probability the nation would have had no General Grant, only Captain Grant, a faithful clerk in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington.”

## II.

Three times was General Burnside offered the command of the Army of the Potomac, and three times, with unaffected diffidence, he declined. Finally, it was pressed upon him by positive orders, and he could no longer, without insubordination, refuse it. In addressing General Halleck, after his appointment, he said : “Had I been asked to take it, I should have declined ; but being ordered, I cheerfully obey.” He was a frank, brave, generous man. Said a soldier who knew him well : “When victory crowned his efforts, and congratulations poured in upon him, his reply always was that the laurels did not belong to him, but to his brother officers and to the brave soldiers. When a great disaster befell him, he at once

telegraphed to his government : ‘ The fault was mine. The entire responsibility of failure must rest on my shoulders.’ ” Immediately after his great victory at Roanoke Island he had occasion to make a hurried trip to Washington. A friend, who, by a happy chance, was at the White House when General Burnside called to pay his respects to President Lincoln, told me that “ the meeting was a grand spectacle.” He said that the two stalwart men rushed into each other’s arms, and, as they warmly clasped each other for some minutes, “ they wept like women in their joyous agitation.” When General Burnside was about to leave for his hotel, the President inquired :

“ Is there anything, my dear general, that I can do for you ? ”

“ Yes ! yes ! ” was the quick reply, “ and I am glad you asked me that question. My three brigadiers, you know, glorious fellows,—everything depended upon them, you know,—and they did their duty so grandly !—Oh, Mr. President, we owe so much to them ! I should so much love, when I go back, to take them their promotions.”

“ It shall be done ! ” was Mr. Lincoln’s hearty response, and on the instant the promotions were ordered, and General Burnside had the pleasure of taking back with him to Foster, Reno, and Parke, their commissions as major-generals.

### III.

Early in his life at Natick, Wilson had organized among his fellow-mechanics a debating society, of which he was an active member. It met on one evening every week for the discussion, usually, of such questions as were agitating the public mind. It was in this humble association that he learned that plain, simple, straightforward way of presenting his argument which characterized his speeches and debates in his subsequent career. He also persuaded his fellow-students at Concord to form a similar association, of which, also, he was the most active spirit. His first appearance as a public speaker was under these circumstances. In 1837, and a few subsequent years, the young men of New Hampshire had a State association, devoted to the interests of the rising movement against negro slavery. The membership of the association was found chiefly in the schools of the State, the college at Hanover, and the academies at Exeter, Plainfield, New Hampton, Concord, Gilmanston, New London, and Pembroke. With their contribu-

tions these boys kept one or two eloquent lecturers in the field, and annually held at the capital a rousing State convention of two or three days' duration. In August, in the year in which Wilson was in attendance at the Concord school, this association held its annual gathering, to which he had been elected as one of the delegates from the branch association of that town. It was largely attended by many spirited and noble young men, who, in the intervening years, have become distinguished as leaders in the progress of the times.

Stephen S. Foster was there, a man of considerable intellectual force, who, through all the years of the anti-slavery conflict, rendered the most faithful and self-sacrificing services. But at this convention—and it was a common habit with him—he allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion. He introduced a resolution severely censuring John Quincy Adams for some recent utterance in Congress, wherein that noble old man had not come quite up to the high-water mark of the more advanced anti-slavery sentiment. During the previous year young Wilson had been in Washington, and had made the acquaintance of Mr. Adams, for whom he had a high admiration, especially for the single-handed fight he was making against the slave-power. He believed, therefore, that the venerable statesman deserved the hearty approval and encouragement of the anti-slavery people of the North, and not their censure, even if he did apparently halt at some points of their faith. A young man from Dartmouth College, Horace Eaton (afterward well-known as a warm-hearted and philanthropic Presbyterian clergyman), spoke earnestly against the resolution, and was followed by Henry Wilson in his first public speech. Wilson was always modest, and in those days he was bashful. He felt that the passage of the resolution would be a great wrong, but he shrank from participation in the debate. However, entreated and encouraged by a friend at his side, he timidly rose to his feet, and I had the pleasure of telling the president his name,—as it was called for,—slightly to Wilson's confusion. But he was soon under good headway, for his most earnest feelings were enlisted. His opening remarks evidently commanded the attention of the convention, and it was not many minutes before he began to secure applause from all sides, as he spoke eloquently of the intrepidity of the venerable ex-President making his brave fight almost alone in the midst of the most defiant opposition. He pleaded for words of cheer

from the generous young men of New Hampshire, and opposed this attempt to inflict a pharisaical censure. It was really a grand speech, and the applause that continued till he took his seat, while testifying that the convention was with him, gave him, also, great encouragement in his determination to become a public speaker.

#### IV.

While Wilson was thus addressing the audience, a young man, an Apollo in manly grace and beauty, entered the church; a stranger, evidently, as no one seemed to recognize him, and he took a seat near the door, in the rear of the audience. As Wilson closed, this young man joined heartily in the applause—indeed, he seemed to lead it. Rising and coming forward, he asked if a stranger, not a member of the convention, nor a citizen of the State, even, but deeply interested in the discussion, might be permitted to join in the debate. That silvery voice and princely presence would have commanded a welcome in any gathering, but among these young men came voices from all over the hall, which proffered him the freedom of the platform with a cordial greeting. The president asked his name. “Wendell Phillips,” was the response. Those only who are old enough to remember how hated and despised was the anti-slavery cause in its early days, and how the peerless eloquence and patrician rank of this young Boston lawyer, this son of her first mayor, this noblest member of one of her oldest and most honored families, whose deeds of virtue and munificent charities had made illustrious every era of Massachusetts’ history, had lifted up that cause from this hate and reproach—they only can imagine the enthusiastic salutation which shook that church on the announcement of his name. Every member of the convention sprang to his feet to assure Wendell Phillips that he was welcome. More than forty years have come and gone since that August day,—years crowded with great historical events,—yet still that scene of welcome remains as vivid in my mind as if it had occurred but yesterday.

Mr. Phillips made one of his rarest speeches—first, in warm praise of the generous spirit and practical sense of the eloquent young man who had last addressed the convention, and then in glowing eulogy of the “old man eloquent,” the brave champion,

in Congress, of free speech, and of the right of petition. At his close, Mr. Phillips made his way to the pew in which Mr. Wilson was seated, and, taking him warmly by the hand, repeated to him, personally, what he had said to the convention,—his most hearty approval of what had fallen from his lips,—and assured him of his pleasure in making his acquaintance. From that time dated a warm friendship between these two men destined to play conspicuous parts in the history of the country; and from that cordial approval of the great anti-slavery orator, and the applause of those hearty young Abolitionists, sprang the open and public attachment of Henry Wilson to the anti-slavery cause, which never once faltered until Abraham Lincoln, grasping in his strong right hand the power of a million armed men, smote the monster to the earth.

## V.

Senator Ransom came out of the war not only with shattered health, but, like most of the officers of the confederacy, with shattered fortune as well. He had a fine plantation on Roanoke River, one of the best in the country, and, with a large family growing about him, the general was naturally anxious to retain the old home with all its fields intact. This was not easy, with the circumstances surrounding the man, as well as the entire Southern country, in the years immediately following the war; but the affectionate father, looking into the anxious faces of his wife and children, determined to make the attempt. My readers may be glad to know that he succeeded. Success was only won through vigilant and untiring effort. Mortgage on crop and field had to be often repeated before the grand property was lifted of all encumbrance. Senator Ransom has a son named Joseph, who does not in any large measure inherit the rare suavity of his father, but he is a very sensible although a frank-spoken boy, and, as will be seen, he was not a dull observer of his father's expedients in saving the old homestead. It was a few days after the general's second election to the Senate, and some of the good matrons of the neighborhood were entertained by Mrs. Ransom at tea. At the table, Mrs. Smith was very profuse in her expressions of friendly admiration of the general, and of the great delight of all the neighbors at his success; and she added the hope, as well as expectation, that some day they would have occasion to rejoice



over his higher triumphs, even his election to the White House. Joseph, who had remained silent up to this time, concluded, upon hearing the last remark, that his place in the dialogue had been reached.

“I thought, Mrs. Smith, that you said you were a friend of my father?”

“Certainly, Joseph, but why do you ask that question.”

“Why, I don’t understand,” remarked the lad, “how any real friend of my father could want him in the White House ; for if he were there, it wouldn’t be three months before he would have a mortgage on it !”

## VI.

Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, from the humble position of a brakeman on the railroad, had fought his upward way to recognized position in society ; to the highest reputation as a business man ; to the possession of a large fortune, and to two honorable elections to the Senate. He was an industrious, useful, honorable senator ; a diligent, conscientious worker in the Committee on Appropriations, and an active member of the Select Committee on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard, earnestly seconding all efforts for improving and cheapening transportation, between producer and consumer, of the great articles of food. Senator Davis was thoroughly at home on all railroad questions. He had been educated in their working, was largely concerned in their ownership, and hence took a lively and intelligent interest in everything pertaining to the question of transportation. It is wonderful how the power of early habit clings to us in after-life. Senator Davis once gave the Senate an emphatic demonstration of this noted fact. Judge Thurman, being a generous snuff-taker, carried a big, red bandana handkerchief, and, when he rose to speak, usually, as a preliminary, grasped his nose with this red bandana, and gave a blast like a trumpet. It was well toward morning of a wearisome all-night session, and Senator Davis was asleep—his head resting upon his desk (but I will say for the Senator that he was not often asleep in the Senate). Senator Edmunds had provoked Judge Thurman to a speech ; and by way of introduction, the judge unfurled the red bandana, and blew a blast of more than usual power. Mr. Davis may have been dreaming of his old railroad days ; at any rate, he sprang to his feet, in

a half-dazed condition, and catching sight of the red flag (the old signal of danger), and seeming to imagine that he had heard the shriek of alarm from the open throttle of a locomotive calling for "down brakes," he seized his desk, and by the brakeman's firm, quick twist, wrenched it from the floor. I was not present on this occasion, and therefore cannot assert the entire truth of the story from personal knowledge ; but it was often repeated about the Senate-chamber, and I never heard any of the details called in question.

## VII.

Garret Davis, of Kentucky, was a venerable man, who had come down from a former generation, bristling alike with integrity and with prejudices ; a man who so honored the old, and the established, that he could hardly tolerate the new moon, and the succession of the seasons was to him an abomination. How well he represented the spirit and civilization of Kentucky—a people who prefer a whipping-post to a school-house ! He was a small, gray-headed man, full of nerve, remarkably alert for his years. Planting himself well back upon his heels, with face erect, he was always ready for the fight, and it mattered not to him whether he encountered one man or a legion, for his courage, moral and physical, was matchless. Mr. Davis well represented the fighting spirit of his State, the only one of the Union that in the recent civil war raised its full quota of soldiers for both sides. His stamping-ground was the "constitution of our fathers" (as interpreted in Kentucky), and there he stood, ready for all comers. Honest to the last degree, and as garrulous as he was honest, after speaking three days on some question, he asked for the setting apart of another day, as "the remarks he had already made were but preliminary to the discussion of the great constitutional points involved !" He was largely interested in the protection of two interests, in his opinion imminently in danger—the Constitution and the Treasury. In his excited imagination, pretty nearly all of our public men were intent upon smashing the Constitution ; and especially one of the senators from Kansas was determined to deplete the Treasury. Probably he had as good reasons for his fears in the one case as in the other. As he was constantly on guard against these depredations, it was not strange that, one day, he was weary, and sought sleep. But, before laying

his head upon his desk, he reminded his neighbors upon the right and left (Senators Thurman and Saulsbury) that he was for a few minutes going to give up the watch ; but if any danger portended, he begged to be instantly awakened. It was not long before the senator of especial danger—the senior senator from Kansas—was on the floor with a bill from the Railroad Committee, of which he was a member. In an instant both senators, Thurman and Saulsbury, were shaking the Kentucky watchman from his slumbers, and whispering in his ears those words of special alarm, “ Kansas ” and “ Pacific Railroad.” The fierce little man was upon his feet before he was half awake. The senator from Kansas, meanwhile, remarked that he had in his hand a bill that simply proposed the amendment of some defective clause in the charter of one of the branches of the Pacific Railroad, and suggested that it might as well be put upon its passage at that time ; and then, noticing the bustling in the neighborhood of the Kentucky senator, he added that he had looked the bill through, and he could assure the Senate that there was no “ steal ” in it.

“ Mr. President,” cried out the half-awakened senator from Kentucky, “ the senator from Kansas says that he has carefully examined the bill, and that there is no ‘ steal ’ in it. If the senator from Kansas cannot find any ‘ steal ’ in the bill, I am sure there is none there, and I think we can safely consent to the motion to put the bill upon its passage.”

The decorum of the Senate-chamber is always maintained ; so, while but a few were left to record their votes on this occasion, the cloak-rooms were thronged. But the people will forget his foibles and his temper, and Garret Davis will be honorably remembered for his unbending honesty through many years of public service ; for the frank and bold expression of his opinions ; for the rare simplicity of his habits, the purity of his private life, and, above all, for his steadfastness to the Union when the great mass of the public men with whom he had been associated for more than a generation yielded to the clamor of secession.

### VIII.

It was the summer of '62, and McClellan's sojourn in the swamps of the Chickahominy had filled the hospitals, far and near, with the sick. Colonel Scott, of a New Hampshire regiment, laid

low with fever at Newport News. One of the noble women connected with the Sanitary Commission, in attendance at the hospital where the colonel was being nursed, had sat by his bed while he had told her of his home among the cool mountains of New Hampshire, and of his noble, brave wife, and precious children, and how he felt as if he could rally from this scorching fever if only he could reach that home and sit for a day in the shade of the maples where his children were playing—grand big trees, planted all about the old house, and on both sides of the road, up and down, as far as his farm ran, planted by his father when he came home from the war of 1812. Or if he could only bathe his fevered brow in the mountain brook that runs in the pasture close by; or, if his wife could come to him, her cool hand upon his burning forehead would stop this throbbing. And then, he whispered through his tears, if he was to die, he should die so much easier if he could only have hold of her hand. The good nurse wrote to the wife of the condition of her husband, and told her that the doctor in charge of the hospital remarked that morning, as he visited her ward, "that special care must be given Colonel Scott, for he was a very sick man, and the country could ill spare so brave a soldier."

The very day that the wife received this letter she started for Virginia. In Washington, she found some difficulty in getting permission to go to the front; but her love and anxiety made her persistent, and, finally, she secured a pass and transportation on a steamer which was taking supplies to City Point. She found her husband alive, and her courageous spirit and loving assiduity soon began to tell in his improving health. In a week, leaning upon her loving arm, he was able to walk a little about the hospital. And then, when she could lead him out-doors, and under the shadow of the trees, where he could get the invigorating breath of the ocean as it came up Hampton Roads, he gained rapidly. A great battle was daily expected, so a steamer was to take to the hospitals at Washington such of the patients as could bear removal, that room might be made for the expected wounded. Mrs. Scott found no difficulty in getting her husband designated among the several score that were thus to be sent north.

That evening, just as the steamer turned from the bay into the Potomac, she came in collision with a transport coming down, was badly stoven, several state-rooms being carried away, with their sleeping occupants, and some twelve or more of these sick men and

their attendants were drowned, among the number the faithful and noble wife of Colonel Scott.

A few who were thrown into the water were rescued, but when all hope of saving others was at an end, the steamer proceeded on her way. The next day a telegram was received at the War Department, telling that the people residing in the neighborhood had found the bodies of several of the victims of the collision, and had given them burial in such manner that they could be identified if friends called for them; that among these rescued and buried bodies was the body of Mrs. Scott. This information coming to Colonel Scott, he naturally was anxious to return down the river, that he might receive the body of his devoted wife and take it to New Hampshire for sepulture.

A grand forward movement at the front then being in contemplation, for a day or two there had been an order at the War Department that no passes or transportation down the Potomac should be allowed any one, save those actually engaged in co-operating with the movement. So, when Colonel Scott applied to Secretary Stanton for permission to go down the river, he was refused, and no time permitted him for entreaty. From Mr. Stanton, Colonel Scott hurried to the White House. It was late Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Lincoln had left, wearier even than was his wont, for his retreat at the "Soldiers' Home;" and in the hope of an undisturbed evening, and a quiet Sabbath, that he might gather some strength for the coming week, expected to be one of stirring events.

Colonel Scott soon found a New Hampshire friend, who knew Mr. Lincoln, and the way to the "Old Soldiers' Home." When they reached the gray stone cottage, where Mr. Lincoln spent his weary nights and thoughtful Sundays of that anxious summer of '62, it was in the deepening twilight. The house was still and dark—not a lamp lighted; not a sound, save the "Katydid's" in the old elm calling to the "Katydidn'ts."

The servant who answered the bell led the way into the little parlor, where, in the gloaming, entirely alone, sat Mr. Lincoln. In his escape, as he had supposed, from all visitors, and weary with the care and heat of the day, he had thrown off coat and shoes, and with a large palm-leaf fan in his hand, as he reposed in a broad chair, one leg hanging over its arm, he seemed to be in deep thought, perhaps studying the chances of the impending battle.

Uninterrupted by a single word from Mr. Lincoln, the colonel told his sad story : his sickness, the coming to him of his wife, her terrible death, the finding of the body, and his desire to reach it and take it to his home. Then he added that he had been to Mr. Stanton, been refused permission to go down the river, and so, in his despair, had come to him.

At this point, Mr. Lincoln rose to his feet, and, in a voice of mingled vexation and sadness, asked : " Am I to have no rest ? Is there no hour or spot when or where I may escape this constant call ? Why do you follow me out here with such business as this ? Why do you not go to the War-office, where they have charge of all this matter of papers and transportation ? "

The colonel repeated the fact of his going to Mr. Stanton, and his refusal.

" Then, probably, you ought not to go down the river. Mr. Stanton knows all about the necessities of the hour ; he knows what rules are necessary, and rules are made to be enforced. It would be wrong for me to override his rules and decisions in cases of this kind ; it might work disaster to important movements. And then, you ought to remember that I have other duties to attend to—heaven knows, enough for one man !—and I can give no thought to questions of this kind. Why do you come here to appeal to my humanity ? Don't you know, Colonel Scott, that we are in the midst of war ? That suffering and death press upon all of us ? That works of humanity and affection which we would cheerfully perform in days of peace are all trampled upon and outlawed by war ? That there is no room left for them ? There is but one duty now, that is to fight. The only call of humanity now is to conquer peace through unrelenting warfare. War, and war alone, is the duty of all of us. Your wife might have trusted you to the care which the government has provided for its sick soldiers. At any rate, you must not vex me with your family troubles. Why, every family in the land is crushed with sorrow ; but they must not each come to me for help. I have all the burden I can carry. Go to the War Department. Your business belongs there. If they cannot help you, then bear your burden, as we all must, until this war is over. Everything must yield to the paramount duty of finishing the war."

Colonel Scott was terribly disappointed and crushed by this totally unexpected rebuff. He knew that there was no hope in re-

turning to Mr. Stanton, so he retired to his hotel, and walked his room until morning, when, throwing himself upon his bed, he had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a hurried footstep in the hall, and a sharp rap at his door. He opened it, and was seized by both hands by Abraham Lincoln, who, in a voice as buoyant and sympathetic as last night it was weary and ceremonious, exclaimed : " My dear colonel, I was a brute last night. I have no excuse for my conduct. Indeed, I was weary to the last extent, but I had no right to treat a man with rudeness who had offered his life for his country, much more a man who came to me in great affliction. Colonel Scott, I honor you for your attachment to the memory of your wife, and for your desire to take the dead body to your home and kindred. She was a devoted, heroic wife, worthy of your love ; and to think that I should have made any criticism, as I did last night, upon her being away from her home, and in the place of danger. This war, Colonel Scott, has shown great qualities on the part of our people ; but in my soul I have no higher admiration than for the nobility of our women, in the patriotic ardor with which they give up husbands and sons for the service, and the tender devotion with which they follow and care for them in the hospitals. That I should have had any but words of warm consideration for such a woman, hurrying to her husband's sick-bed, or been seemingly indifferent to the terrible grief, my dear colonel, which crushes you, I cannot understand. I have had a regretful night. Now, my good man, hurry and get ready. I have seen Secretary Stanton, and he has arranged all. They are getting up the fires on a boat at the Navy Yard, which will take you down the river. An undertaker, with his assistants, in the service of the Quartermaster's Department, has been ordered aboard the boat, to give you all needed help. You will find everything aboard necessary for your sad errand. Now, get ready ; don't stop for breakfast, you can get that on board the boat after you start, and I have my carriage here, and will go with you to the wharf. And, colonel, when you get home, don't tell your children of my conduct last night ; but tell them that I beg permission to share in their sorrow for the loss of so good a mother. And, colonel, notwithstanding my apparent indifference last night, I honor you from the bottom of my heart for your manly love for your wife and devotion to her memory.

The President, in his carriage, took Colonel Scott to the steamer,

and seeing that every needed detail had been attended to, stood by until the boat cast off, and then rode back his six miles to his breakfast.

Such was the great, true, warm-hearted Abraham Lincoln. He was our countryman—and God be thanked that when the most terrific war of history beat upon our government he was our President.

JOHN R. FRENCH.